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## POPULAR SELECTIONS.

From the Knickerbocker.

AMY DAYTON.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"The night of oppression shall end,  
The dawn of thy glory shall rise;  
And the star of thy hope shall ascend  
To its zenith again in the skies!"

Brooks.

At that period of our revolutionary struggle when the weak despaired, and even the most sanguine doubted, of the success of the cause in which they were engaged, the village of Mapleton—a beautiful little place on the —, fell into the hands of a party of the enemy, under Major Fetherstone, an officer, whose profligacy and cruelty were less questionable than his courage. Scarcely had he taken possession of his new quarters, when Amy Dayton, the daughter of a respectable villager, who, like most of his neighbors, had gone to fight the battles of his country, became the "Cynthia of the minute." Though not strikingly beautiful, there was so much natural grace in every movement of her tall and commanding figure—something so delightful in the varied expression of her sunny countenance, and something so winning in the murmured music of her silvery voice, that no one could look upon her without admiring—if he felt not something warmer than mere admiration—and Major Fetherstone, who had long roved "from flower to flower," among the proudest beauties of his native land, became, upon the instant, deeply enamored of this floweret of the wild, that seemed

"born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Had the intentions of the Major been as honorable as they were the contrary, or had he been fighting *for*, instead of *against*, her country, Amy Dayton would never have listened with a willing ear to his tale of love, for her young heart's affections had long been in the keeping of another, and with him, the young, the gifted, and the brave, whom her imagination had endowed with all the perfections of humanity, a far better man than Major Fetherstone must have suffered in comparison.

At an early hour one morning, a few weeks after the Major's occupation of the village, a creature of that officer's, known by the name of Sergeant Jack, bolted into the bar-room of the Indian Queen, and demanded admission to the apartment of his superior.

"Why," said the landlord, "as I can't hear nothing of the Major this morning, I don't think he's up yet. Howsomenever, I'll send Joe up for to see. Here Joe, run up to the Major's room, and see if you can't hear any thing on him. Have you any petikelar business with him, Sergan?"

"Why, what is it to you, whether I have or not?" said the Sergeant.

"O, nothing, only —"

"Well, for the gratification of your \* \* \* Yankee curiosity, I'll tell you this once. I want to see him concerning some prisoners I have without."

"Prisoners, Sergan?"

"Yes, a couple of your hot-headed rebels," was the answer.

"Officers, or privates?"

"Neither, I believe."

"What then, pray?"

"An officer and a private, I take it."

"You're nice in your distinctions, Sergan."

"Offier-like, you know—Must regard distinctions."

"Am they old or young?"

"Why, the oldest is young enough to be a son, and the youngest might easily be a father."

"You're a dry joker, Sergan," observed the host.

"Reason good, my old boy! I've not had a drop to drink for the last hour; so hand me some of your us-

quebaugh, that being the most loyal liquor in this \* \* rebellious country, and

"Chalk it on the barrel head, along with the old score, And I'll pay you up my reckoning when the wars they are o'er."

The landlord did as he was required, and after finishing his potation, Sergeant Jack proceeded to the apartment of the Major, who, he had informed him, was ready to admit him.

"What now, Sergeant?" demanded the Major, as that worthy entered.

"Why, an't please your honor?" he replied, bending his body, and sinking his voice to the most humble tone, "I have brought you a couple of prisoners."

"Fellows that resisted your attacks on their hero-roost, I suppose," said the Major, with a contemptuous laugh.

"No, your honor, no; but a couple of men that, though in the disguise of Indians, I have good reason to believe are spies!"

"Spies! say you? Where did you find them?"

"Skulking among the cedars, about half a mile up the river."

"Did they surrender themselves peaceably to you?"

"O no, your honor; but though they fought it out bravely, having some of our brave fellows with me, we soon brought them to terms."

"I will see them," said the Major, rising. Then, followed by the Sergeant, he descended to the front of the inn, where he found the prisoners strongly guarded, and surrounded by a number of the white and black tatterdemalions of the village, who slunk away on the appearance of the dreaded Major.

The prisoners, as stated by Sergeant Jack, were in the disguise of Indians, and indeed, the younger, who was tall and rather slender, looked the very thing he pretended to be; but no one could, for a moment, mistake the elder for a son of the forest, so little were his short, rotund figure, and plump, merry-looking face in keeping with the character he had attempted to personate. After looking long and earnestly in the face of the former, who unshrinkingly returned his gaze, Major Fetherstone demanded of him who and what he was.

"A soldier of Freedom," was the reply.

"An officer of the rebel army. Am I not right?"

"My countrymen have honored me with a commission."

"Which you have dishonored by assuming the dress of the lawless savage."

"Did a man's honor depend upon his dress," replied the prisoner, with a glance at the well-dressed person of the Major, "then would Major Fetherstone rank high among honorable men."

"And who dare say he does not?" demanded the Major, with eyes flashing fury.

"One that knows him well."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, even I—Charles Harleigh."

"Hah!" ejaculated the Major, while a thrill of fiendish joy shot through his frame, as he thought of the power he now held over Amy Dayton, by having the life of his rival in his hands. "You hold strange language, sir," he continued; "though you possess such perfect knowledge of me, until this morning I do not think we ever met."

"Nor have we; but such men as Major Fetherstone are known to thousands by whom they were never seen."

"Insulting!" muttered the Major. Then, turning to the elder prisoner, he asked, "Who, sir, are you?"

"My name is Jonathan Dayton, for many years a resident of this village, and at present a soldier in the service of my country."

"In other words—a rebel."

"As you please, sir," said Dayton, coolly; "we shan't quarrel about terms."

"Well, Mr. Dayton, can you assign any reason for appearing in this disguise?"

"I think I can, and the very best reason in the world, too; I darn't appear without it. I had a kind a hanker- ing arter home, and, as I knew this part of the country

to be rather unsettled, I thought I mought reach it with greater safety by dressing myself up in disguise, which I now look upon as a blamed foolish notion. This 'ere chap, that you seem to have taken sich a fancy to, wanted to come with me, and for my sake, rather than his own, he consented to dress himself like a redskin. So there's the why and the wherefore."

"You must be aware," said Major Fetherstone, with an unwonted assumption of dignity, "that the fact of your having been taken near our camp, in disguise, would naturally lead me to the conclusion that you came as spies, and should I act according to the precedent of one of your own generals, I might this instant hang you upon one of yonder trees; but a British officer can only punish where punishment is merited. You shall, therefore, be tried as soldiers should be; and according as your judges shall determine, so shall it be done unto you."

"Sergeant, to your care I commit the prisoners; and see that they want nothing consistent with your duty to grant."

Here the Major left them, and proceeded immediately to the dwelling of Dayton's wife, in which, fortunately as he conceived, he found Amy alone.

"Good morrow to you, my fair one," said the Major gaily, as he approached the blooming daughter of him whom he had just consigned to prison.

"Good morning, sir," said Amy, coldly, as she rose to offer him a seat.

"I hope you do not consider my visit ill-timed, Miss Dayton," said he, in a tone of witching softness, "knowing, as you do, that it has been prompted purely by the longings of a lover to hear the voice of her in whom his soul delighteth."

"You know well, sir," returned Amy, with a dash of bitterness in her tone, "that at what time soever your visits are made, they *must* be received."

"How unkind this is of you, Amy! when you know that it gives me more pleasure to look upon that lovely, but ah! unkind countenance, than, with all my devotion to my royal master, I could feel at beholding Washington, and his rebel host, at the foot of the throne, suing for pardon."

"And O, that we might never meet till then."

"In faith, my fair one, that would not be long. Already your deeply infatuated countrymen are aware of the desperate nature of the game they are playing, and only wait a fitting opportunity to throw it up; and when they shall abandon the cause —"

"Abandon the cause!" exclaimed the maiden, the fire of enthusiasm lighting up her whole countenance; "abandon the cause for which a Washington fights—a Warren bled! They may be beaten, crushed, exterminated!—but while life beats in the bosom of my countrymen, that cause they never can—they never will abandon!"

"You are an incorrigible rebel, Amy," said the Major, smiling; "but a truce to the ungentle subject. Now let us talk of love."

"How can he, Major Fetherstone, who breathes nothing but hatred to my country, talk of love to me?"

"I do not hate your country, my fair Amy; and tho' circumstances have obliged me to war with your countrymen, there is one at least of the fair daughters of your country whom I love as —"

"The wolf loves the lamb."

"How well you know your own power! But, come—I have no time for further trifling—will you, by becoming mine, render happy the heart that adores you?"

"Major Fetherstone," said Amy, resuming her former coldness of manner, "I have told you over and over—and I now repeat it—that on no conditions can I, nor will I, ever become yours."

"By heavens!" exclaimed the Major, in a tone and manner more consonant to his natural character than the gentle ones he had hitherto used to her, "you shall!"

"*Shall*, Major Fetherstone?" said she, while the spirit of her country flashed from her eyes

"Yes, *shall*! I have long known for whom I was rejected, and fortune has now kindly placed him in my power. One word of mine restores him to life and lib-



erty, or sends him to a felon's death. You smile incredulously, Amy; but it is well known to all the village, that Harleigh—the favored Harleigh—and your father, are now my prisoners."

"If it has pleased heaven," said Amy, in a voice which she meant to be firm, while the bloodless hue of her cheek, and the slight quivering of her lip betrayed her inward struggle; "to place at your disposal the lives of those dearest to me, it is my duty to submit; but beware how thou sheddest innocent blood, for assuredly it will be required of thee."

So saying, she retreated to an inner apartment, to which the Major made an attempt to follow, but the sudden manner in which she closed the door in his face, obliged him to desist.

The prison to which Harleigh and Dayton had been conducted, was a substantial farm-house that the soldiers of Fetherstone had possessed themselves of, and, to his surprise, Harleigh soon discovered that the room in which they were incarcerated was the parlor, or "best room," of his paternal home.

"O!" said Dayton, as he stamped up and down the large and cheerless room, in which no fire had been lighted for months, "that I should a lived to see the day that I, who love so well to breathe the fresh air that was meant for all God's critters, should be cooped up like a setting hen! O, Martha, had I but taken your advice, I mought a kept out of this hobble! My poor, old gal! must I never see you more! or you, my noble, my darling Amy! How little did I think, when I began the life of a soldier, that I should end it, by dying the death of a dog."

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed Harleigh, starting from the seat he had occupied in seeming despondence since the moment of his entrance.

"You have it?" said Dayton, stopping short, and staring at his companion, "Why, what the dickens have you got?"

"Hush!" said Harleigh—then sinking his voice to a whisper, he added, "Do you wish to be free?"

"Wish to be free? Would I eat when I'm hungry, or drink when I'm dry, think you? Heaven only knows how I wish to be free, for, old as I am, I ha'n't lived so long as to wish to die yet; but 't is folly to fret!" said the old man, with a deep sigh, as he resumed his walk.

"Listen to me!" said Harleigh, following him.—"This house was built by my grandfather, soon after the massacre at Schenectady, and that its occupants might be enabled to make their escape in case of an attack from the Indians, he contrived a secret passage from each room to the cellar, and thence to the river. Behold!" he continued, opening the door of a large clothes-press, the bottom of which, upon his touching a secret spring, flew up, and disclosed to the eyes of Dayton, an uninterrupted passage to the cellar.

"By Golly, that's fine!" exclaimed the old man, rubbing his hands together with delight. "Now, s'pose we clear ourselves!"

"Not yet!" returned Harleigh; "it is by many hours too early; for, should our flight be discovered before we have crossed the river, nothing could save us from falling again into the hands of the enemy."

With the reason of his companion, Dayton was perfectly satisfied; and, as his prospects brightened, the natural gaiety of his heart returned, and he gave vent to the exuberance of his feelings in the following song, in which he made up in noise, what it wanted in melody.

"How blest a life the soldier leads,  
From care and trouble free;  
He's plagued not with or brats or wife,  
And that's the life for me.  
With knapsack light, and full canteen,  
O, who so rich as he!  
Or who so gay as the soldier lad—  
The soldier of Liberty!"

He does not fear that storms will rise,  
While he in sunshine lives;  
He loves his friends and to his foes,  
A warm reception gives.  
And when he dies where die the brave,  
Blest even in death is he,  
For hallowed's the spot where in peace is laid,  
The soldier of Liberty!"

Scarcely was the song concluded, when Sergeant Jack entered.

"You are merry, my old boy," said he.

"As well be merry as sad, you know," was the reply.

"Particularly while the gallows is erecting."

"Then we are to be hanged?"

"To be sure you are. What else, as rebels and spies, could you expect?"

"O, nothing, certainly. But when?"

"To-morrow—at twelve."

"I'm glad of that!" said the old man, in a kind of theatrical aside.

"Glad of what?" asked the Sergeant, quickly.

"That we're to be hanged, to be sure. But I should like to see you swing first, as I know you would do it more nateral like."

"You're an old fool!" said the Sergeant, gruffly.

"May be, there's a pair of us, Sergeant!" said Dayton, with a short dry laugh.

"But your fellow-bird, here," said the Sergeant, "does not seem to like his cage as well as you—or, perhaps, he don't like the amusement of hanging as well."

"O, poor fellow, he's but young yet. By the time he has risked his neck as often as you and I, Sergeant, he'll think quite as little of it."

"Captain Harleigh," said Sergeant Jack, respectfully addressing the younger prisoner, "I beg to speak a word with you. Mr. Merryman, take yourself to the other end of the room. I come from Major Fetherstone, sir, who, thinking it a pity that a young gentleman of such promise should be thus early lost to the world, and, as the only means of saving a life already forfeited, wishes you to consider well of the noble offer of General Howe, and promises, in case you submit to our royal master, God bless him! to exert his interest to procure for you an office in his majesty's service, superior even to that you have held in the rebel army."

"My life," said Harleigh, without rising from the seat to which he had returned on the entrance of the Sergeant, "is in the hands of Him that gave it; my honor he hath entrusted to my own keeping. Return to Major Fetherstone, with such thanks as the kindness of his motive, evinced by his honorable proposal, may deserve; and tell him, that valueless as my services may be to my country, I will never desert it."

"But, sir —"

"You have my answer," returned Harleigh, waving him from him; and the Sergeant, like a dog that had gone upon a wrong scent, slunk, sneakingly back to his master.

From the time of the Sergeant's departure on his mission to Harleigh until his return, Major Fetherstone continued to pace his chamber with quick and unequal steps, while every gesture betrayed the workings of a perturbed mind. "Fool that I am!" he mentally exclaimed, "to suffer the conduct of this Yankee maiden to chafe my pride; yet, in good sooth, such a girl as she might well make a fool of a wiser man than I, whose motto has ever been—*Vive l'amour, et vive la bagatelle*! and possess her I will, and that, too, by means of him for whom my offer has been scorned. I know, that, much as she loves this Harleigh, she loves her country more; and, by detaching her lover from the cause to which her soul is devoted, I detach her from him. That he will accede to my proposal—when the gallows is the only alternative—I will not for a moment doubt; and if he does, his power over her affections is gone for ever. And then —" He stopped. "At any rate," he continued, "whether or not, her heart is to be caught in the rebound, his she shall never be."

"Well, Sergeant, what success?" he demanded, as his familiar now made his appearance; and, on receiving the required answer, his face became livid with passion, as he muttered through his clenched teeth, "then he shall die, by heaven!"

"Stay a moment, Jack," said the Major, as the worthy Sergeant was quitting the apartment. "It is doubtless as well known to you, as to every body else, the interest that Dayton's daughter takes in this Harleigh; and though I have but little reason to respect her feelings, I would not willingly wound them by hanging her lover at her very door. Now I wish you to hit upon some plan for getting her out of the village to-night, without exciting the suspicions of the villagers against me."

"There's nothing easier, your honor," said the Sergeant. "There's a number of scoundrelly Indians, and other outcasts of nature, now hanging about the village, that, for a trifling consideration, would to-night prevent the execution of her lover giving her the slightest uneasiness to-morrow."

"But, understand me. I wish to spare her life as well as her feelings."

"Well, your honor, I will give them to understand that they are to bear her off, without injury to her person; and, my life for it, they'll do it without rumpling her bed-gown."

"Very well," said the Major, and the Sergeant departed.

The movements of Time are proverbially slow to those that wish his pace accelerated, but never to the mariner in sight of home, to the fevered wretch upon his bed of suffering, or lover in expectation of a meeting with her that first awoke the passion in his heart, were they slower than to the impatient Dayton, while waiting for the moment, in which he hoped again to breathe the air of freedom. At length the seemingly interminable day came to a close, and, with a degree of trepidation he had never felt, when placed in the van of battle, the old man prepared to follow Harleigh through the darksome passage that was to conduct them beyond the power of the enemy; and when he found himself on the western bank of the river, he turned towards Mapleton, and apostrophizing the distant Fetherstone, exultingly exclaimed, "Ha, ha! my cute one, han't we played you a nice trick! But, bless me, Charles, what can be the meaning of that?"

The young man turned, and beheld a dense cloud faintly tinged with flame color, hanging over his native village. It became brighter and more bright until it floated away to the south, when a fierce bright flame rushed up to the very heavens, shedding its lurid light upon the surrounding country, and to their horror they perceived that it proceeded from the burning of Dayton's dwelling.

"My wife! my child!" burst from the heart of the agonized old man.

"They shall be saved!" said Harleigh, as he flew, rather than ran, across the glassy covering of the river. But though he far outstripped his companion, he arrived not at the scene of devastation until too late. Mother and daughter had disappeared, and of the late comfortable dwelling of the Daytons, nothing but a heap of burning ruins remained; and in aggravation of the misery of the husband, and father, and lover, they soon found they had uselessly thrown themselves into the power of those from whom they had so lately escaped.

Dame Dayton had early retired to rest, and was in the enjoyment of a quiet slumber, when the terrific yells of many voices, burst startlingly upon her ear. She sprang from her bed. But when, to the horror of finding herself surrounded by savage men, was added the sight of the fierce flames careering wildly round her, the eyes of the old woman closed in utter insensibility, and apparently lifeless, she was borne from the scene of destruction.

When restored to consciousness, she was lying before a crackling fire, within a miserable hovel, upon a mat made of the husks of the maize. She rose, and looked cautiously round her, but no human form was near; she went to the door, and looked out into the night; but nothing, save a dark mass of forest, with the dark blue heavens above, studded with a countless multitude of stars met her gaze. But feeling the utter impossibility of making her way back to the village in her present state of bewilderment, she sat down at the fire to await the return of day; and, as its cold, grey light, shed over the surrounding trees, she rose and departed.

After wandering for hours, until despair had begun to take possession of her heart, she ascended a woody eminence, at the base of which, she saw her own sweet village of Mapleton, but not in its usual state of repose; for some unwonted circumstance had brought the young and the old of the place to the green, in front of the small white meeting-house; and, on arriving amongst them, she found in a strangely constructed thing, formed of two upright posts, with a beam across the top of them, from which a couple of ropes were dangling in the wind, the object of their curiosity.

The sudden appearance of Dame Dayton amongst them, excited little surprise less in the minds of the assembled villagers, than if she had actually returned from the world of spirits, to which they had concluded they had been despatched the night before. Each, as was natural, was anxious to hear all that had happened to their old neighbor, and her daughter, who had disappeared at the same time with her mother. But though she had little to tell them of herself, she had less to tell of Amy, of whom she knew absolutely nothing; and the impression was strong on every mind that Amy Dayton had perished in the flames.



The hearty indulgence of her grief, for the loss of her child, could not repress the spirit of curiosity stirring within her; and pointing to the strange thing before her, she asked, "What is that there for?" No one answered. "I say, neighbor Parsons," addressing a venerable old man, "what is that there thing for?"

"Ah, dame!" he replied, with a sorrowful shake of the head, "you will know that soon enough!"

"Look! look! they're coming!" shouted a number of tiny voices. The dame looked, as every body else did, and beheld, under an escort of armed men, her husband and Harleigh, chained together like a couple of male-factors. Instantly the horrid use for which that thing was intended, flashed upon her mind, and, uttering a shrill cry, like one in sudden pain, she sunk upon the ground.

"O, that this might have been spared me!" said Dayton, as a hot tear rolled down his aged cheek; and he quickened his pace in the hope of reaching the gallows before his wife should recover from her swoon. But at that moment, a shout of irrepressible joy broke from the crowd of villagers, which was instantly responded to by a body of hunting-shirted soldiers that rushed upon the scene. Confusion indescribable ensued, which was soon terminated, however, in the liberation of Harleigh and Dayton, and the surrender of the enemy, with the exception of a few that were killed in the fray, among whom were Major Fetherstone and his creature, Sergeant Jack.

Though the news that Major Fetherstone had imparted to her, was to Amy Dayton, a blow as severe as unexpected, yet she went about her ordinary avocations with a countenance as little indicative of human suffering, as if nothing had occurred to cloud its wonted serenity, and neither by word nor look, did she betray to her mother the peril of her father's situation.

After revolving in her mind a number of plans for the liberation of her father and lover, she could settle on but one that seemed to promise the possibility of success, and from this she shrunk at first as something incompatible with the delicacy of her sex. But when she thought of it as the only means of saving the lives of those so dear to her, she instantly banished all scruples from her mind, and as soon as her mother had retired for the night, she set about putting it into execution. For this purpose she left the house, and fearing to be observed, took a circuitous path to the river, which she crossed without having met with the slightest interruption. But now, with all her knowledge of the country, she soon found herself involved in the most perplexing difficulties, which seemed every moment increasing; until, fatigued and disheartened, she was about to abandon the attempt, when a bright light shining round her, showed far to the right the valley through which her course lay, and which she hastened to regain; and as the tops of the neighboring mountains were gilded with the beams of the rising sun, Amy Dayton entered the American camp.

An opportunity was immediately afforded her of preferring her suit to the General, who listened with affectionate interest to the story of the maiden, and unhesitatingly granted her request, by sending a detachment of soldiers to the relief of the prisoners; and, notwithstanding her harassed condition, she insisted upon returning with it, and was among the first to congratulate her father and lover on their escape from the ignominious death destined for them by Fetherstone.

#### CHINA.

The present Emperor of China, who employs his leisure hours in literary pursuits, is now superintending the printing of a familiar, or conversational dictionary, in the Chinese language, which it is calculated will extend to the enormous number of one hundred and sixty eight thousand volumes. Two thousand seven hundred and eight persons are constantly employed in editing this work. An old Chinese Encyclopedia is extant, consisting of six thousand volumes, of which sixty eight alone are devoted to music.

#### POVERTY.

Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting. Affluence may give us respect in the eyes of the vulgar, but it will not recommend us to the wise and good. A good and well cultivated mind is greatly preferable to rank or riches. Happy would the poor man think himself, if he could enter on all the treasures of the rich; and happy for a short time he might be: but before he had long contemplated and admired his state, possessions would seem to lessen, and his cares would grow.

### EDUCATION.

*From the Messenger and Advocate.*

#### FEMALE EDUCATION—DEFECTS.

That females, in their education, have been, and still are neglected to a great extent, is a fact too glaring to need any particular proof. That defects of a serious character, likewise exist, must be acknowledged by all. That these are the result of mental imbecility, on their own part, or that females are naturally prone to certain follies which are often charged upon them as the characteristics of a weaker sex, we will not readily believe. This would be nothing less than charging our Creator with unfairness. It would make a discordant part in that harmony which every where pervades the universe. From the verdure that decks the pleasing landscape, to the lofty pine of the forest—from the meanest reptile beneath our feet, to the highest arch-angel in Heaven—in every class is found a perfect concord. Shall we then say that woman is inferior to man—and that, too, because she merely appears so, when her advantages, compared with his who has called her the weaker sex, are as the dim taper of evening to the full light of the noon-day sun? It ill becomes man to decry the powers of woman, when, at the same time, he uses his influence to deprive her of that education which would raise her to an equality with himself. It is like blinding the eyes and clipping the wings of the eagle, and then chiding him because he does not soar towards the sun, and gaze with unshrinking nerve upon its burning blaze. It is to be feared, that they who call woman inferior to man, do it through ignorance or envy.

The great defects in female education, are, in the first place, owing to the fault of *mothers*, but no small part is chargeable to *teachers*. Very few mothers, even if they are qualified, do their duty to their children; but the main difficulty rests in this:—*they are unprepared for the duties that devolve upon them*. Their youthful days, instead of being spent in cultivating the mind, and learning what life is, have passed away in that which is little better than absolute idleness, in the fashionable follies of the day. In a majority of instances, the mother thinks nothing of her child beyond its corporeal necessities, and leaves the cultivation of the intellectual and moral powers to the school-teacher. Under the existing state of schools throughout the country, if children are not well educated, the fault should not rest altogether with instructors; still no small share of blame can be attached to them; for they have seldom qualified themselves for their stations.

In many instances, instead of being taught how to meet life's varied scenes, the young female is used as a mere *play-thing*; to be dressed in gaudy colors for the purpose of being *exhibited*, to please a fond, but very injudicious mother. And thus the immortal part, which will live in happiness or misery when the glittering phantoms of earth, and even stars shall have faded away, is entirely neglected. A very erroneous idea has prevailed with parents respecting physical education. They think that their daughters can not bear physical culture as well as their sons; hence the neglect of physical education, and the enfeebled and effeminate state of females. Parents are likewise found who would not permit their daughters to take bodily exercise to any considerable extent, because they consider it "*unlady-like*." They very much fear that the suns of summer, and winds of autumn, will brown the sickly cheeks of their offspring. Better, far, would it be for the immortal minds of the young, that the sun and wind should give their cheeks Africa's sable hue, than that they, as well as their mothers, should imbibe ideas so erroneous and destructive. Happy would it be for our country, for mankind, for themselves, individually, if they would throw aside these early received notions, when they arrive at the age of maturity and can act for themselves. *Unhappily*, however, this is not the fact. Instances are innumerable, where females will not take sufficient exercise to preserve their health, because it is *unfashionable*—it would injure the *delicate complexion* of the countenance; and so, instead of being abroad on the hill or meadow, to catch the first appearance of the rising sun, they are wasting away their systems, already enervated by indolence, in sleeping away those precious hours which their Maker has given them for a better purpose. The neglect of physical education is injurious in a two-fold sense, inasmuch as it is often the cause of the neglect of moral and intellectual culture, as well as the cause of bodily debility. The parent often fears that study and reading will injure the delicate constitution of her daughter—*delicate*, we allow, from the mother's pampering; and thus she neglects to form habits of self-

discipline, which are of incalculable importance in early life. This, however, is not the case with the son. He more frequently has been exposed to the bleak mountain wind and the pitiless storm, and has thus become strong and healthy. He is early accustomed to climb the lofty hills of his paternal domain, and wander on the banks of his own native rivulet. By this early physical exercise he has invigorated his body, and on this foundation of bodily training he is prepared to build a mighty superstructure of mind.

By many females an *unpardonable* attention is paid to adorning the body—the shell which encloses the immortal treasure—while that treasure is seldom regarded. The body, that will, at the most, live but a few short years, receives the main attention; while the soul, whose existence will end only with that of its Maker, is utterly neglected and *starved*. We would not decry female accomplishments, when they serve as the polish of a richly cultivated mind, based on solid acquirements; but where these are *all*—where these are the all-absorbing topic—we would denounce them as worthless and destructive of the soul's best interest. When the female has nothing but accomplishments to recommend herself, these accomplishments can be of no material use. They may, indeed, for a time, draw the applause of the unthinking and idle, but time's leveling hand soon sweeps away her admirers, and even herself, if left behind, is but the withered remains of an inferior flower, which the passing traveler hardly condescends to notice. At the farthest extent, accomplishments *merely* are as evanescent as an April shower, or the light mists of the dewy landscape, in the morning rays of a summer's sun. At the present day, there is too much of the exterior ornament, and very little of the interior. Mere accomplishments are not unfrequently the cause of moral ruin to the soul. The possessor of these imagines that she is better than many others—that there is no necessity of giving attention to the truths of the Bible, living as though she was prepared for her final exit, or she banishes the thought of death entirely from her mind. The death-bed of the accomplished belle is a full proof of these remarks.

Vanity is a strong passion in the human heart, and where it is not checked, but fanned to a flame by the mother's hand, evils arise, which carry in their train the destruction of nations for time and eternity. In no one thing does it appear so strongly, as in a fondness for display in dress. Fashion, in this respect, is, in many instances, carried to an excess and extravagance that are truly astonishing—and *woman is the mover of fashion*. One great evil arising from a love of dress, is a needless expenditure of property, that should be appropriated to a better use. Boundless must be the resources, whence drafts may be drawn, which pride and vanity cannot exhaust. How many a heart that is now wrung with agony, might be solaced in its afflictions, if a small part of that money which is now given for the decoration of the body, was appropriated to the relief of the poor. How many a widow might be saved from the funeral pile, and how many a dark son of the forest might be raised to hold communion with the Great Spirit—be led to a use of the implements of peace and industry, and thus become a blessing to the world, if the bounties of an indulgent Creator, instead of being thrown away in ornamenting a *mere butterfly*, which glitters in the sunbeams of fashion, were rightly used. Other evils of still greater magnitude are the result of the same passion. Where the female, unrestrained in early life by a kind parent, has, by the influence of things around her, formed an attachment to dress, the mind seldom receives the attention it deserves. Splendor of the exterior, the gorgeous trappings of wealth, and all the tinsel of vain show, seize the mind with an unyielding grasp. There is ever an unfixedness of purpose attendant on a proneness to follow the fashion, which, in a high degree, tends to hinder mental effort. The mind, as a consequence, is left uncultivated, and a wide waste of ignorance and moral desolation over-spreads its every feature. A morbid taste is acquired, and no attention is paid to that solid discipline, which alone will prepare the young for the realities of life that await them. Physical causes likewise are found, which strike their withering influence not only through the corporeal system, blasting the fairest models of nature, but through the very soul, freezing life's warm current, as it flows in its wonted course. \* \* \* When the mind is given up to frivolity and trivial pursuits, no time can be found for serious thought—no time for serious reflection—no time for preparing for the last act in the tragedy of life.

Middletown, Conn.

S. P. D.



## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

## TENDENCY OF GREAT EVENTS TO DEVELOP GENIUS AND PROMOTE THE SPREAD OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

BY J. N. GRANGER.

## ESSAY I.—INTRODUCTION.

In whatever situation we view mankind, whether in the peasant's or the statesman's avocation, whether as the cool investigating philosopher or the raving occupant of a madhouse, we shall find that the study of the human mind is diversified, entertaining, and to a high degree useful. We find man, at first hardly conscious of his existence, expanding to the full perfection of mental strength, under the influence of different circumstances, and exhibiting different peculiar characteristics.

The mind of man is the most powerful, noble, and still most mysterious part of his being. This alone raises him above the lower creatures, and assimilates him to the image of his Maker. Endowed with this inestimable gift, though greatly deficient in bodily advantages, he is styled the lord of creation. Other animals, which depend wholly on their physical conformation for procuring the necessities of life, are endowed with organs adapted to their respective situations. But man sinks far behind them in this respect, is weak, and incompetent to contend with the fierce beasts of prey, which roam wild and free through the forest. But still it is evident that man has dominion over the brute creation. Possessed of less bodily strength and adroitness, he converts the fiercest beasts into domestic and serviceable animals, and overcomes others whose dispositions can not be tamed. In this is exhibited the *mind of man*. Ingenuity, artifice, and consideration perform what man with force can not; and fully proclaim the divinity which stirs within him. Sallust, who is distinguished for the conciseness and strength of his style, has summed up the ability, occupation, and rank of man, in the following expressive language: "Sed nostra omnis vis in animo et corpore sita: animi imperiis, corporis servitio magis utimur; alterum cum nobis dis, alterum cum belluis commune est."\*

It is apparent to the most superficial observer, that the constitution, power, and disposition of the mind, vary with different individuals. This has been denied by some, and all the apparent difference of sentiment and mental power, ascribed to the influence of education. I believe, however, that this idea has been nearly exploded, (it certainly has by phrenologists,) and the sentiment generally received, that however education may tend to direct thought into one and the same channel, still no nurture, no care can reduce to a similarity of strength and feeling, the various dispositions of mind among mankind. Without entering into a philosophical discussion of the question, we can safely say, that this last opinion is the most in accordance with plain common sense. But this difference of mental strength, originating in what it may (but without doubt to a great degree in the natural formation of the mind), is observable in the manner in which men contemplate surrounding objects.

Suppose a number of individuals for the first time presented with a view of that wonder of the world, the Falls of Niagara. One is caught by the mightiness of the scene around. His soul drinks in the grandeur of the falling waters. The steadfast gaze, the half-relaxed features, tell of the workings of the mind within—tell that the spirit is lost to minor objects, and exercises only the more noble sentiments which such a scene is calculated to inspire.

"The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain, &c.  
*Brainerd's Niagara.*

Another is less affected by the grandeur, than by the romance of the scene. The beauty of the rainbow, the freshness of all around, delight and animate him. Another knows not, thinks not, cares not aught concerning the grandeur or the beauty with which he is surrounded. 'Tis fashionable to come hither, and he is a fashionable man—a dandy, tricked out with foolish trumpery, with more genius and taste displayed in the cut of the very coat he wears, than have ever illuminated the darkness of his senseless understanding. In-

\* Moreover all power is situated in the soul and the body: we use more the empire of the mind, the obedience of the body: the one is common to us with gods, the other with beasts.

sensible to surrounding objects he will exhibit more care to protect himself (that is, his *garments*) from the falling mist, than to cherish those emotions which honor the feelings and dignify the soul.

The following lines are from a poem, published in the *Boston Recorder and Telegraph* of 1825. I quote them not for the religious sentiment which they inculcate, but because they so beautifully illustrate the difference of feeling among mankind.

I was in one of those high halls,  
Where genius breathes in sculptured stone,  
Where shaded light in softness falls  
On pencil'd beauty. They were gone  
Whose hearts of fire and hands of skill  
Had wrought such power; but they spoke  
To me in every feature still;  
And fresh lips breathed, and dark eyes woke,  
And crimson cheeks flushed glowingly  
To life and motion. I had knelt  
And wept with Mary at the tree  
Where Jesus suffered. I had felt  
The warm blood rushing to my brow,  
At the stern buffet of the Jew;  
Had seen the God of glory bow,  
And bleed for sins he never knew;  
And I had wept. I thought that all  
Must feel like me—and when there came  
A stranger, bright and beautiful,  
With step of grace, and eye of flame,  
And tone and look most sweetly blent,  
To make her presence eloquent;  
Oh! then I looked for tears. We stood  
Before the scene of Calvary.  
I saw the piercing spear, the blood—  
The gall—the writhe of agony—  
I saw the quivering lips in prayer,  
"Father, forgive them!"—all was there:  
I turned in bitterness of soul,  
And spoke of Jesus! I had thought  
Her feelings would refuse control;  
For woman's heart I knew was fraught  
With gushing sympathies. She gazed  
A moment on it carelessly,  
And coldly curled her lip and praised  
The high priest's garments!"

The study of this variety of character, may, with the greatest propriety, be termed a science. It is a science, the possession of which affords not merely a speculative good, a pleasant recreation; but, in our intercourse with men, it is absolutely indispensable to our well being, to enable us to shun the deception and despise the weakness which abound in the world. It is a science calculated to lead us to a correct apprehension of our own powers and proper station in life. It enables us to detect talent in the most degraded situation, and discover the germ of many a mind of "noble daring," hid in a block of marble. It enables us to direct the young to such a course of action and thought, as is most in accordance with their disposition of mind, and in which they will be most likely to excel. It may be said, that the science of phrenology proposes to arrive at the same results, and in a much more expeditious manner. I have nothing now to say of the merit or demerit of this system, but one thing is certain, that if phrenology ever attains that perfection and general application to the common business of life, which its most sanguine friends predict, it never can afford that mental strength and habit of thinking, which all who diligently study the human mind, attain; and which is always the rich fruit of close application and patient research, in relation to any subject which calls for labored investigation.

The mind of man is noble and powerful, and it is proper that it should be employed in the contemplation of such objects as are worthy of its attention; that it should not degrade its high qualities, but live and flourish in the exercise of sentiments congenial to its nature, and honorable to its rank in the scale of being. But talent and worth often lie concealed from public view. To exhibit some of the means by which they are developed, and by which they are rendered beneficial to mankind, will be the object of the present series of remarks. The subject of the next essay will be in answer to the question, "What is Genius?"

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

**MIGRATION OF BIRDS.**—One of the most special appointments of the Creator, as to birds, and which nothing but His chosen design and corresponding ordainment can explain, is the law, that so many kinds shall migrate from one country to another, and most commonly at vast distances from each other. They might have been all framed to breed, be born, live, and die in the same region, as occurs to some, and as quadrupeds and insects do. But He has chosen to make them travel from one climate to another, with unerring precision, from an irresistible instinct, with a wonderful courage, with an untiring mobility, and in a right and never-failing direction. For this purpose, they cross oceans without fear, and with a persevering exertion that makes our most exhausting labors a comparative amusement. Philology in vain endeavors to account for the extraordinary phenomenon. It can not discover any adequate physical reason. Warmer temperatures are not essentially necessary to incubation, nor always the object of migration; for the snow bunting, though a bird of song, goes into the frozen Zone to breed, lay, and nurture its young. The snow bird has the same taste or constitution for the chilling weather, which the majority recede from. We can only resolve all those astonishing journeys into the appointment of the Creator, who has assigned to every bird the habits, as well as the form, which it was his good pleasure to imagine and attach to it. The watchful naturalist may hear, if not see, several migrations of those which frequent our island, both to and fro, as spring advances and as autumn declines; but as they take place chiefly at night, or at early dawn, and in the higher regions of the atmosphere, they are much oftener audible than visible to us on the surface of the earth.—*Turner's Sac. Hist.*

**SILVER MINE.**—A silver mine of great product and extent, has been newly discovered by a woodcutter, in the district of Coquimbo (Chili) heretofore famous for its copper mines. It is said that fifty veins of this mine had been traced, and that in the richness of its product it promises to rival Potosi.

**LAKE OF VITRIOL.**—There is, in the island of Java, a volcano, called Idienne, from which the Dutch East India Company have been often supplied with sulphur, for the manufacture of gunpowder. At the foot of this volcano is a vast natural manufactory of that acid commonly called oil of vitriol, although it is there largely diluted with water. It is a lake about 1,200 French feet long; the water is warm, and of a greenish white color, and charged with acid. The taste of this liquid is sour, pungent, and caustic; it kills all the fish of a river into which it flows; gives violent colics to those who drink it, and destroys all the vegetation on its banks.

## ASTRONOMY.

**ROTATION OF THE PLANET VENUS.**—According to Bianchini, this planet revolves on its axis in twenty three days; eight hours, or very nearly. Cassini makes it twenty three hours, fifteen minutes; and Schroeter twenty three hours, twenty one minutes. Sir William Herschel considered the time of rotation to be doubtful, but thought it could not be so much as twenty four days. A paper was read before the Astronomical Society of London, March 9th, by the Rev. Mr. Hussey, in which the arguments of these observers are carefully examined, and in which the author concludes that we are justified in placing confidence in the observations of Bianchini, from the favorable circumstances in which they were made, the minuteness with which they were detailed, from their correctness having been ascertained by several bystanders, from the superior nature of the instruments employed by him, from the measurements being micrometrical, and from the character of the observer.—*Lond. Phil. Mag.*

## AGRICULTURE.

**LUTE FOR BOTTLING WINE, &c.**—One part rosin, one fourth part yellow wax, one sixteenth part tallow; add one half part yellow ochre, or red or black ochre or coal. Keep these ingredients melted over a chafing-dish, and when the bottle is well corked, dip the neck into the melted mass.—*Jour. de Con. Us.*

**TO PREVENT VINES FROM BLEEDING WHEN TRIMMED OR CUT.**—Stick a potato, the skin of which is perfectly sound, on the end of the cut vine, and the bleeding will stop. If the skin of the potato be defective, the sap will flow through it.—*Id.*

## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

## MUSIC.

If there is a charm on earth, which, more than any other, serves to elevate the affections, to tranquilize the mind, and to enrapture the feelings, it is music.—We speak of music as it should be, in its purest and most exalted sense; and not of those unhallowed strains, in the use of which music is polluted and degraded, by being made the vehicle and the stimulant of earthly and unholy passions. Music, in its best exercise, is a heavenly science, suited to the purest, the most evangelical and seraphic natures. As we look abroad into creation, we find every thing constructed on the most harmonious scale, and, in many instances, melodies are continually breaking forth from the perfect works of God. The whisper of the breeze, and the roaring of the storm—the tinkling of the sea shells, as they are agitated by the regularly returning waves, and the dashing of the impetuous cataract—the song of the robin, and the shriek of the eagle—all these, and a thousand other voices of animated existence, are full of melody and song. To the poet of nature, and the worshipper of God, all things appear full of harmony, and seem to be graduated to the most perfect scale of music. As a great poet has beautifully said—

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,  
The universal scale began;  
From harmony to harmony,  
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
The diapason closing full in Man.

In an age so generally well informed as the present, on most subjects, we deem it a waste of time and talent, to employ any argument to prove that music is an elevated study, worthy of the cultivation of every pure, devout, and intelligent mind. No one who has read the Bible with an understanding heart—no one who has felt the exalting influence of music on his own mind—no one who has a heart attuned to melody, and capable of appreciating the harmony of existences, can doubt the propriety of cultivating music as a useful science—a valuable art. Referring to it only in its social relation, it possesses a property of elevation and refinement, which has power to soften obdurate feelings, and win the soul to the sympathies of gentle life. As a bard of social feelings has said—

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?  
Friendships balmy words may feign,  
Loves are e'en more false than they;  
Oh! 'tis only music's strain  
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

But music has a higher, a more enduring power. It is employed by the purest spirits in the worship of a Being worthy of the exercise of the most exalted feelings and capacities of the human and angelic mind. The church, in all ages, under the old and new dispensations, has practised it—the universal testimony of devout hearts has given it a sanction—and it has formed the employment of angelic beings in past existence, and we are taught to believe will constitute the exercise of purified spirits in future eternity.

## TRANSPARENCY OF THE SEA.

There is nothing, perhaps, that strikes a northern traveler more than the singular transparency of waters; and, the farther he penetrates into the Arctic regions, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds, composed entirely of shells and lightly sprinkled with them, and sub-marine forest, present, through the clear medium, new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observation in Norway, that sometimes on the shores of Norland the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet; and that when a boat passes over sub-aqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visible illusion is so perfect, that one who has gradually in tranquil progress passed over the surface, ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vortex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not

comparable to that of the seas in these northern latitudes; though an exception be made in favor of the Chippa sea, and a few isolated spots on the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the Saye de Malha, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the worlds of shell and coral which the translucent water exposes to view, at a depth of thirty to five and thirty fathoms.—*Elliott's Letters from the North of Europe.*

## SONG IN THE AMERICAN WOODS.

Within the Arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in those remote regions, the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence, of feathered songsters to swell the chorus; their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep green forests of tropical climes—that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a sense of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous buoyancy of mind, which we have experienced in treading the wilds of Arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant and vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveler to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great Creator.—*Zoology of North America.*

## MOTION NECESSARY TO CHILDHOOD.

To the due framing of the man, it is requisite that the child should grow up in a certain carelessness of spirit. The natural mobility of a child requires, for the full development of the mental as well as physical powers, to have complete play. To train his infant limbs, constant action is requisite. Watch a child, and see how unceasing is the motion requisite to keep him in a state of comfort; confine him for a moment, and he is uncomfortable and unhappy. In the early days of his infancy, unable to move himself sufficiently, the nurse keeps him in constant motion; having acquired strength, he swings about his arms, kicks with his little legs, crawls, and throws himself into every possible contortion. The boy runs, leaps, and keeps himself in one incessant turmoil. It is not requisite to explain, or to attempt to explain these facts; to state why this motion is needed; suffice it that it is needed. But the action of the child is never spontaneously a continuous action of one sort. Put him to turn a wheel, and you would ruin his health and stop his growth.—*Tait's Magazine.*

## FRIENDSHIP.

Lord Shaftesbury defines friendship to be "that peculiar relation which is formed by a consent or harmony of minds, by mutual esteem, and reciprocal tenderness and affection."

Friendship has a place in the ethics of Confucius; but he takes the term friend in a loose, vague sense, as it is sometimes used in common language now, when Chinese speak of "flesh and wine friends"—the friends of good cheer. He said, "there are three sorts of friends who do one good—three that do one harm. The plain-spoken, the sincere-hearted, and the well-informed, are useful friends; those of pompous, showy exterior, of easy, soft compliance, and of flattering lips, are hurtful friends." He said, again, "have no friend inferior to yourself," (i.e. in knowledge or virtue.) On two occasions he advised that one friend should not often reiterate his expostulation to another. "If a friend will not listen," says he, "desist; for by perseverance you will create distance, and bring insult on yourself." Tangstze, another worthy of the Confucian school, examined himself daily, whether he had adhered strictly to truth in all his dealings with his friends. "Those who are required to adhere to truth with all men, whether friends or foes, as Christians are, can have little occasion for this special self-examination. But friendship, patriotism, and love, to the degree to which they have been carried, and are daily carried by the selfish or the mistaken, in as much as they withdraw

from God and his creatures those affections and services which are due, in order to bestow them, with a lavish hand, on the religion, or on the individual that has been set up as an idol, are not only undeserving the name of virtues, but are vices. The "pro patria" often heard in the mouths of some Christians, of Europe and America, vitiates even their benevolence, because it is evident the glory of their own nation is a motive which takes precedence of the glory of God, and the good of men. "It was one great object of the Christian religion to introduce into the world a temper of universal benevolence and good will. With that view, its business was not to contract, but to expand our affections, as much as possible; to throw down all the little mean fences and partitions made by seas or rivers, literal mountains, or artificial hills, within which the human heart is too apt to intrench itself, and to lay it open to nobler views, to a large and more liberal sphere of action."

## A DAYLIGHT THOUGHT.

When the soul, in early youth, overflows with happiness of its own creation, evening, with its melancholy skies, its dying voices, and its grandeur of sadness, charms and absorbs the too happy heart; but, when the world has quenched or converted into scorn and hatred the generous thoughts of the dayspring of being—when sorrow has humbled, bereavement rent, and persecution agonized the heart—the first dawn of morning, with its virgin freshness, diamond dew, and magnificence of light, thrills through the bosom of the early wanderer, and fills his solitary mind with delight which the yet unrisen multitude can not destroy. When our melancholy experience of men's perjuries has poisoned the frank spirit of youth, midnight with its constellations and dayspring with its silent glories, become the sole companions in whom we delight or with whom we sympathize.—*North American Magazine.*

## KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge, to be useful, must be particular; there must be a *but*, and he who would pursue a difficult, or even a commonly interesting study, must not be distracted in his pursuit. \* \* I can scarce picture to myself a happier being than he who, with single aim, and steady purpose, pursues some chosen study till its difficulties become its toys, and his inventive genius forms them into a new structure, inscribing upon it the indelible characters of his future name. Is the superficial gossiping of what is falsely called general knowledge to be compared to this? And if this same general knowledge be of so little worth, why exhort mechanics to attain it, who have only and barely time for what is useful?

It becomes necessary, then, if a mechanic would derive benefit from his studies, that they should be directed to a subject somewhat abstract or particular. But will he be able to bestow upon it the undivided, undistracted attention required to ensure success? When he arrives at the most interesting and important point, when he may be said to be fluttering with eagerness, and his heart beats as though he beheld a first-love, his time of leisure is expired, and he must either neglect his employment which is life to his body, or dash aside the gay vision which is life to the soul. But we will even suppose him to have sufficient ability and courage to set aside or resume his studies at will, without pain and without loss: there will yet be a mighty barrier to pass, unconnected with either his ability or courage. When he has arrived at the extent of his little library, want spreads a dreary void before him, and he feels its dismal chill just at the point of time when he has obtained a knowledge of his own ignorance. The book upon which his desires and his studies hinge is valuable, and out of reach of his purse—it is scarce, and locked up beyond the reach of his interest. How wistfully he looks upon his labors, useful no more, and therefore no longer interesting, because they can not be brought to a conclusion! And does his ethereal soul descend to look wistfully too upon the station of those above him, and upon the glittering ore that might fill up that same dreary void? Oh! how he feels the depth, the keenness of his curse! Who shall portray a want like this? Come, ye poets, with your vivid personifications, depict me the poor student's want! Want of interest, want of purse, want of friends, want of hope—to want which is to starve.

SOCRATES.—Who does not feel comforted when he reflects on Socrates, who said, all that he knew was that he knew nothing.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Literary Inquirer.*

## FILIAL AFFECTION EXHIBITED

IN A BIRTH-DAY ODE TO THE AGENT OF THE BAPTIST SOCIETY  
FOR IRELAND, DURING HIS VISIT TO AMERICA IN ITS BEHALF.

Ardee, Co. Louth, Ireland, Oct. 30, 1832.

To the Rev. STEPHEN DAVIS.

Forty and nine revolving years have fled,  
Since first a father stroked thy downy head;  
Look back upon the changes of the past,  
And see how swift the fleeting moments haste!  
Thou wert a child, whose lively prattling pleased  
A mother's ear, and all her trouble eased;—  
Thou wert a boy—but where are now the days  
Your highest pleasure was your teacher's praise?  
Time rolled away,—the boy a man became,  
A husband, loving with an ardent flame.  
Thou art a father! but thy much-loved boys,  
The source of anxious care and heart-felt joys,  
Are now launch'd boldly on the wide world's sea,  
And bright the star that guides them—even thee.  
Oh may we follow you, as you the Sun,  
Then shall our untried barks glide smoothly on,  
To him who bought thee with his precious blood,  
And washed thy stains in that all-cleansing flood,  
Which from the fountain of his bosom sprung,  
When he in agony on Calvary hung.  
To him thy days are consecrated still;  
Thy highest joy to know and do his will.  
O may the labor of thy love be bless'd,  
And thou a faithful servant be confest,  
When polish'd jewels of the Lord shall stand,  
Order'd in bright array at his right hand.

In Albion and in Scotia thou hast dwelt  
Upon the cross, and oft their sons have felt  
Extatic joy responsive to thy own,  
Till every heart was mingled into one;  
One deep sensation of unbounded love,  
To him who died on earth, and reigns above:  
And Erin too has heard thy ardent strain,  
Erin, the burden of the Western main!  
The sport of demagogues! the tyrant's slave!  
The hall of tumult! and of peace the grave!  
Here darkest clouds of superstition brood,  
Here Popery's mill spreads its blighting hood,  
Here, as he mutters to the saints his prayer,  
The peasant thinks of blood, revenge, despair!  
The landlord threatens, and the church distrains,  
And needy priests extract the small remains  
Of summer's constant toil, and winter's pains.  
His all is gone;—what wonder if the wretch,  
Whose heart a husband's, father's feelings stretch,  
Almost to bursting, as he sees his wife  
And children without means to nourish life,  
With both the laws of God and man untaught,  
Should give loose rein to deed as well as thought?  
Unhappy isle! thy woes at length shall cease,  
Thou yet shalt prove the blest effects of peace;  
Religion's smile shall chase the gloom away  
That sadly darkens now thy moral day;  
The Sun of Righteousness shall yet arise,  
And beam in glory from thy weeping skies;  
The work divine already has begun,  
And though in silence, yet moves surely on.

Columbia's land awake! and hear the cry  
Of hapless Erin's mental slavery!  
Land of the nobly brave, and proudly free,  
Suppliant we stretch our shackled hands to thee!  
Land of the proudly free, and nobly brave,  
Exert thy mighty influence to save!  
Yours be the honor, and th' exalted praise,  
To chase the gloomy horrors of our days;  
From all thy sons let fervent prayer arise,  
And roll like incense upward to the skies!  
His faithful promises with ardor plead,  
Till all our land from Satan's sway is freed;  
And while the blessings of the Lamb you spread,  
More frequent gifts shall fall upon thy head;

Brighter the flame of Christian love shall burn,  
And every boon with blissful fruit return.

And thou, my father! Erin's unknown friend!  
Your strength, your years, your peace, your all  
you spend,  
To purchase blessings for her rising sons,  
And draw them from the path where ruin runs.  
How often have I seen thy piercing eye  
Kindle with feelings which my words defy!  
My much loved father! even now you roam,  
Far from the peaceful pleasures of your home;  
But duty's voice sounds louder in thine ear,  
Than sweetest calls of home, and scenes most dear.  
May peace flow on thee, like a gentle stream,  
Kindest of parents! like a soften'd beam  
Of summer's brightest Sun, be all thy hopes,  
Thy days refreshing, like the latter drops!  
Blessings attend and compass thee around,  
Soft as the dew distils upon the ground;  
Many and happy be thy future years,  
Free from the ills of age, and all its fears;  
And when thy God shall call thee home at last,  
Thy earthly joys and earthly sorrows past,  
Oh may the stream of death be smooth and even,  
And thy departing soul glide gently into heaven.

GEORGE HENRY DAVIS.

*For the Literary Inquirer.*

To the Editor.

Sir, The following lines were suggested by an idea very prevalent in some of the northern countries of Europe, and which has already attracted the muse of the inimitable Mrs. Hemans, in the composition of the "Valkyriur's Song." It is that the Valkyriur, or Fatal Sisters, of the northern mythology, are supposed to single out the warriors who were to be slain on the field of battle and received into the halls of Odin.

See Mullet's Northern Antiquities.

## A NORTHERN LEGEND.

The moon looked out from her southern tower,  
At the silent midnight's solemn hour;  
And glittered her beams on the forest leaves,  
And twinkled the stars through the forest trees;  
And spirits were whispering over the heath,  
And bright eyes were flashing the pines underneath.

There 's a spell beneath the sky,  
There 's a spell within the bower;  
And the viewless now are nigh—  
'T is the time of mighty power.

And the dark pines now rocking are swung in the breeze,  
And the viewless are gathering under the trees.  
Now woe to the mortal who wanders where  
There is told the fate of the coming war!  
Who in the strife of the battle must fall;  
What chieftain must rest in pale Odin's hall.

For the morrow's morn will bring  
Hostile banners, hearts of hate;  
While the clashing arms will ring  
Answers to the Sisters' fate.

There is known what the morrow's eve will cover,  
When the rage of the battle's storm is over;  
There are known what hopes of ambition high,  
Shall be crushed by the Death King passing by;  
What streamlet shall list to the maiden's wail,  
When the heart of her youthful knight shall fail.

List! a step is in the glen!  
'T is the wild deer's gladsome bound,  
Or the trembling chamois when,  
Fleet she spurns the dewy ground.

No! 't is a form of terrestrial mould,  
That heeds not the dews or the night breeze cold,  
More—heeds not the wrath of the mighty whose dread  
Warns the sons of the north from the Sister's shade.  
What heart shall have dared to enter where  
There is whispered the fate of the coming war?

And the stars more faintly glow,  
And the trees more darkly wave;

Mortal, woe is to thee now!  
Thou hast sought an early grave.

'T is the daughter of Moran the chief of the north,  
Who ventures midst fearful dangers forth.  
What seeks the fair Zella midst scenes so dread?  
Knows she not here are number'd the names of the dead?  
And her heart beats high with emotions wild—  
Sweet roe of the mountain! fair nature's child!

And more fearful grew the glade,  
Fainter still the moonlight's beam,  
As her voice within the shade,  
Echoed from the murmuring stream.

"I know 't is the time of your mightiest power,  
Spirits who rule in the midnight hour!  
I know ye are bending beneath the trees,  
Or ride through the glen on the passing breeze;  
And 't is told in the hall and the banquet round,  
How danger lurks dark on enchanted ground.

By the might of Spirit's power,  
By the chiefs of Moran slain,  
By this dark, mysterious hour,  
Let not Zella's prayer be vain!

I come from where the red wine is poured,  
Where beauty and might grace the festal board;  
Alone I have braved the wild forest's gloom,  
To learn of the coming battle's doom.  
Say, shall the bravest of chieftains fall?  
Shall we ne'er meet again in the Moran hall?"

Soft the Spirit of the breeze  
Passed the maiden's ringlet's through,  
As a voice among the trees,  
Swelled in music wild and new.

"Maiden alas! in a luckless hour  
Thou hast sought the shade of the Sisters' bower,  
For fearful the doom which hangs o'er the head  
Of him who would share thy nuptial bed;  
They ask for his presence in Odin's hall—  
To-morrow the chief of the isle must fall."

Oft the humble peasants say  
How the youthful warrior bled;  
And how Moran's daughter lay  
Lifeless on the forest bed.  
Buffalo, May 14, 1833. G.

## SONNET.—BY F. TENNYSON.

The violet-mantled Spring is here again:  
Oh! let me gaze upon her while I can,  
And win from fears and care a little span;  
While winged hopes come flocking to my brain,  
Merrily as the swallows in her train;  
And fresh as the fresh green, which airs of May  
Breathe on the topmost osiers in their way.  
My dreamful mood will not go by in vain,  
If with the past I can recall the shine  
Of this bright morn, its music and its flowers,  
Sometime at winter-noon, when I shall pine  
For light; and, like sweet Bells, departed hours,  
Out of the holy place of memory's pale,  
Shall chime unto me, down my life's dim vale.

Amulet.

## THE VOICE OF BIRDS.

BY W. G. THOMPSON.

The voice of birds! the glorious voice which tells  
Of joy and rapture in the sunny air,  
Of vernal landscapes, in their beauty rare,  
And leafy nooks and solemn sylvan yells.  
Oh! jocund warblers! how your music swells  
Through the glad concave of the beauteous sky,  
Making the air one gush of melody,  
Entrancing all within your sphere that dwells.  
Oh! happy harmonists! 't were sweet to be  
A member of your bright and tuneful throng;  
To roam the world, the soul of minstrelsy,  
And live a life of all-surpassing song;  
And then to lie beneath some lofty tree,  
Made holy by the breath of our own harmony!

Forget-me-not.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*From the North American Magazine.*

If the following brief biography be not, as eulogies after obsequies sometimes are, exaggerated, Mrs. Lupton was indeed a bright and glorious example to her sex and to the world. How seldom are the beloved departed remembered beyond the conventional period of civil sorrow! How often are their places usurped, and the affections, that were the glory and delight of their being, transferred to a stranger! Not to the selfish, the heartless, the inhuman, did this noble woman belong. Unlike the unworthy wife of the sainted Heber, who bartered the sanctity and deathlessness of her name for the title of a vagabond count, (Valsamachi) she shrouded the memory of her husband in the sanctuary of a pure heart, and has gone to mingle, in heaven, with the beloved of the earth.

## MRS. LANCASTER LUPTON.

It may, perhaps, be permitted one who has much known the subject of the present imperfect sketch, to trespass for a few moments upon the time of his readers, in faintly portraying the life and character of one, who deserved, if ever erring mortal did, to have inscribed upon her tomb, "a woman, in whose spirit there was no guile."

In a sketch necessarily so brief as this, it would be impossible to descend into minutiae. Of her early life, the writer of this article knows but little. She was born at Walton, in Delaware county. Her father, Dr. Platt Townsend, was as justly esteemed for his science and skill in his profession, as for his many amiable qualities. Mrs. L. was married early in life to Lancaster Lupton, Esq., a gentleman of high professional and literary attainments, and, for a short time, resided in the city of New York, where her husband died, leaving to her sole care and protection, an infant daughter, who survived until she had nearly completed her sixteenth year.

Mrs. Lupton's early education had not been distinguished by any peculiar advantages; but upon the death of her husband, she devoted herself with even greater energy and perseverance than before, to the acquisition of knowledge, not only as a source of rational delight and intellectual and moral improvement, but with special reference to the instruction of her daughter. She personally conducted the education of her child, and witnessed, with all a mother's joy, the rapid development of precocious talent and youthful loveliness, till in the hour of their brightest promise, death blasted forever her fond anticipations by suddenly withdrawing the object of her care.

The devotion to literary and scientific studies, commencing with her earliest years, was pursued with renewed and unremitted vigor upon the death of her child. Since that event, Mrs. Lupton has resided in different sections in New York, and for a short time in Canada, admired and loved wherever she was known. Her last place of residence was at a relative's on Long Island, where she closed her earthly career, in the emphatic words of holy writ, "dying the death of the righteous."

The talents of Mrs. L. were of so high an order, and her acquirements of so varied and lofty a character, that it is no injustice to the living to say, that she has left behind her, in her own sex at least, few who could equal her in energy of intellect, or extent of acquisition. She had a general knowledge of natural history, in one branch of which (botany) she was a laborious student, as well as an amateur and proficient. She spoke French with facility, and was extensively acquainted with the literature of that language. She read Spanish and Italian with ease; was a tolerable Latin scholar, and, by great diligence and self-denial, had so far mastered the Hebrew, as to have perused, in that language, the whole of the Old Testament. She was well versed in the polite literature of her own country and language; her knowledge of ancient history was distinguished for its peculiar accuracy and extent; and her taste and skill in the fine arts excited universal admiration. She was an honorary member of the National Academy of Design, and executed, during her leisure moments, many pieces in painting and sculpture, which have elicited from those who stand at the head of their respective arts in this country, high and wellmerited commendation. In the midst of these studies and pursuits, she neither overlooked nor despised the ordinary avocations of her sex. The productions of her mechanical skill, in embroidery, needlework, dress and fancy articles, would of themselves have entitled her to the praise of uncommon industry. In a word, there was nothing she attempted in which she did not excel; and in an industrious and wellspent life, there were but few things within her power, that she did not attempt.

In this connection, it should also be mentioned, that she spent much of her time in society, and mingled in its enjoyments with great vivacity and spirit. If it be asked how she found time to attempt and to accomplish so much, the answer is to be found partly in the fidelity with which she uniformly devoted a portion of each day, and sometimes weeks in succession, to close and laborious application, and partly in the readiness with which she mastered the subjects of her studies.

To those who knew her well, all that I have said, or can say, will be deemed at best but faint praise; those who knew her not, may at least infer from the facts that have been stated, that she was one of those rare and highly gifted females, whose endowments are not only an ornament to her sex, but to human nature itself. But it was not alone for pre-eminence in talent that Mrs. Lupton was admired and loved. In all her different relations in life, as a wife, a mother, a relative, and a friend, she was all that duty demanded or affection could desire—sincere and ardent in all her attachments, the prosperity or adversity of her friends produced in her no change. To the calls of duty or affection, her attention was ever prompt. No personal inconvenience, no dangers, no "lions by the wayside," could ever deter her for a moment from pursuing the path where duty pointed. Of her numerous and munificent charities this is not the proper place to speak; whilst living, she guarded them from the eye of the world with the most jealous care, and even when resting in her grave, that which she intended should remain between her conscience and her God, ought not, perhaps, to be brought before the public.

## LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1833.

## SPRING.

"Now every field, now every tree is green;  
Now genial Nature's fairest face is seen."

Spring, the loveliest and most delightful season of the year, has resumed its empire over the fields and woods, diffusing its reviving influence through universal nature, and producing its accustomed effects on the human mind and the animal and vegetable world. This season has been styled "the youth and health of the year;" and it may with propriety be so designated—for "now the gay year in all her charms is drest." Nothing can exceed the beauty of the rural scene which spring unfolds to our admiring gaze. All nature smiles. The eye is delighted with prospects of surpassing loveliness, and the ear is entertained by the "choirs of birds that sing upon the trees," whose "music," as one expresses it, "at this time of the year hath something in it wildly sweet."

What pen can describe the joyous emotions which pervade the mind of the beholder, on surveying the beautiful scenes with which he is every where surrounded. There is, indeed, something inexpressibly pleasing in the annual renovation of the world, and the new display of treasures presented by nature at the return of the vernal season. Poets, inhaling the breath of inspiration, have dwelt with rapture on the gladness of the theme. They have described the "budding flower bursting into life," the "primrose and violet springing up," the "fragrancy of the walks and bowers," the youthful lovers going at eventide "to taste the odors of the woodbine grove," and the

"Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride  
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide."

And that heart must indeed be insensible to the attractions of beauty and the charms of melody, which can derive no satisfaction from the "flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of spring," or experience no pleasure in the contemplation of this delightful season, which cheers all nature at its coming, and indicates so sweetly the approach of "joyous days."

"The younger part of our readers must excuse us, for calling upon them," in the forcible language of Dr. Johnson, "to make use at once of the spring of the year, and the spring of life; to acquire, while yet their minds may be impressed with new images, a love of innocent pleasures, and an ardor for useful knowledge; and to remember, that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits."

**TRAVELING AGENT WANTED.**—A smart, active, and industrious young man, of good morals and irreproachable character, may obtain immediate and permanent employment, as Traveling Agent for this Journal.—Respectable references will be required.

**CLEVELAND LYCEUM.**—The following is an extract of a letter, which we received yesterday, from E. H. THOMSON, Esq. Corresponding Secretary of the Cleveland Lyceum, who has obtained for us a number of subscribers in different parts of Ohio, without putting us to any expense for postage, or deducting the discount to which every Agent is justly entitled. He has even forwarded the full subscription for his own paper. For his kind and perfectly gratuitous exertions, we tender to Mr. T. our most grateful acknowledgements.

"I perceive that the Buffalo Lyceum has adjourned; we shall follow suit in a week or two, as business has commenced with all our merchants, consequently they can not attend, and lecturing to empty seats, is as bad as empty boxes in a theatre.

"Next fall we anticipate a good harvest, as we have laid a good foundation. The rapidly improving taste for literature and science amongst the majority of our members, are among the most gratifying indications of its general advancement, in whatever can give strength or utility to such an institution.

An evidence of that taste and those effects is afforded in the increase of Lyceums throughout this State. Six months ago there was but one in the State, now there are some twenty within one hundred miles; many have followed our example, and procured acts of incorporation; we have the honor, however, of being the first in the State. Is not this, in truth, in the language of Shakespeare—

"The very age and body of the times?"

"These establishments arising from the love of learning, become themselves a new cause for promoting it, and increase the source from which they spring. They answer besides several other useful and agreeable purposes—they offer refined relaxation to professional men; they provide congenial company and interesting conversation for persons who are devoted to study; and enable those who aspire to advance the sciences and extend the bounds of human knowledge, to conduct their inquiries with greater facility and make their experiments upon a larger scale.

"The small seed scattered in the wilderness, may become a tree, under whose branches, the birds of the air shall find food and shelter. The nameless rivulet may emerge to splendor and usefulness; but to obtain our objects, or justify our views in the formation of the Lyceum, (as well as every thing else in life,) it is necessary that we advance in our career with a zeal that shall not be extinguished by occasional failures, and a perseverance unconquered by temporary disappointments.

"Small and humble as may have been the origin of the Lyceum in this place, its prospects are flattering in the extreme; and I hope that ere long it may awaken a spirit of philosophic inquiry, which may recall some of our youth from idle and unworthy pursuits, to the labors and pleasures of literature."

The *North American Magazine* comes to us this month in an enlarged form, and greatly improved in its appearance and general contents. This number, which commences the second volume, is beautifully printed on royal paper of a superior quality, and contains seventy-two well filled pages, eight more than the Proprietor is obligated to furnish.

The May number of the *Lady's Book* contains several embellishments, and an additional sheet (sixteen pages) of letter-press. A greater proportion than usual of this number consists of interesting original articles.

The fifth number of the *Western Monthly Magazine*, conducted by JAMES HALL, Esq., and published in Cincinnati, has been just received.

\* \* Not having heard from two or three of our Agents, we are compelled to postpone the acknowledgement of subscriptions "in advance." But we hope every Agent who has money in hand will forward it immediately, that we may be able to make the announcement in our twelfth number. Subscribers and Agents are requested to bear in mind, that no payment "in advance" (except from new subscribers) will be received after the present month.



## POETRY.

## LINES BY A LADY.

*From the Casket.*

The following original lines were addressed by a young lady to a gentleman, who on being requested to write in her album, (had instead) designed the human heart, and sub-divided it by the various passions, the most predominant of which were *Dress, Vanity, Fricolity, and Scandal.*

And who art thou can thus portray  
The female heart?  
I pity thee, unhappy youth,  
Who e'er thou art—  
For thee no pleasant memories paint  
Domestic bowers;  
No tender mother could have watched  
Thy childhood hours—  
Oh! no, thou never could'st forget  
Her sacred love,  
Her midnight watch, her ceaseless ear,  
All praise above—  
No gentle sister can have raised  
Her trusting eyes,  
Fraught with the love and care that says  
'Tis thee I prize—  
Alas! it never has been thine,  
In life to tend  
That gaze of love, which wins the smile  
Of dearer friend—  
Of woman thou hast only known  
The weaker part;  
Else thou couldst never thus have drawn  
The female heart—  
Have Love and Friendship such small share  
In woman's heart?  
Have Fortitude, and Hope, and Truth,  
No little part?—  
Have heavenly Charity and Faith  
No resting place?  
Alas! poor youth, if these are lost,  
Heaven help thy race!—  
Is woman vain? 'tis man that lights  
The spark of sin;  
To praise the gilded case, nor care  
For gems within.—  
Farewell! forgiveness kindly prompts  
The fervent prayer,  
That even thy life may yet be blessed  
By woman's care.

## SELECTED ESSAYS.

## IS POVERTY FAVORABLE TO GENIUS?

What is genius? It is an intellectual thirsting for knowledge; it is the unfolding of a mind of deep and intense thought, gained by application, and concentrated by close and unremitting communion with itself. It is not the meteoric flash, that brightens, illumines, and disappears, while the plaudits of an admiring multitude are sounding long and loud. It is the rising sun, whose splendors we can scarcely trace, in the faint beams of morning twilight, but whose progress onward and upward, can only reveal its living beauties. For genius such as we have described—its home is no chosen spot; it will flourish beside the Alpine flower; it will breathe in the atmosphere of despotism, its hallowed influence is felt on the heights of Parnassus, and on the sunny soil of the tropics; but we think the absence of luxury, and many of those comforts which gladden the path of life, instead of extinguishing the fires of genius, tend rather to make them glow with more fervent heat.

In the web of life, the mind and body are strangely and intimately interwoven with each other, and a reciprocal influence is constantly exerted. The system acts upon the mind, and the mind upon the system. If such be the fact, and such we see it, the influence of luxury in enervating the human frame, does not rest upon matter alone; it is felt in its breadth and extent, upon the intellectual part of our being. Luxury gratifies every appetite; but gratification only awakens and creates others, which in their turn crave to be satisfied, until the constitution at length is undermined by excess, and its vigor and strength are sapped at their foundations. Riches bring a plenitude of pleasures, which riches alone can purchase; pleasures touching the passions and kindling the imagination. The mind becomes fascinated and excited; but it is a thrilling excitement, playing upon the feelings, without producing in the end the charms of rational enjoyment. Objects, new and novel, are continually presented to the senses, dividing the attention by their beauty and variety; no restraints are placed to repress the ardor of youthful feeling—the gush of opening passion, until the vigor of thought and strength of the understanding are wasted away, upon vain and frivolous objects, and the activity sinks into sluggish indifference—though young in years, the beautiful fabric of the mind will become the dwelling of wayward fancies and unhallowed thoughts, incapacitated for those high intellectual delights which need perseverance to attain, and discipline to appreciate.

Place that mind early amid discouragements and danger; separate it from worldly comforts; compass it with adversity. There lie coiled in the human heart, energies which

need a powerful stimulus to draw them forth; energies which become better fitted for action, the more they are called into exercise: let these energies be once awakened by genius; in the sphere where this mind is placed, it will find no illusive delights, no flattering charms to attract and draw it away, and thus all its hopes and aspirations will be tending to one single point. We are told, if one, or some of the senses be wanting, all those slight suggestions which were unnoticed, when all the organs were in healthful play, have then a character and reality; even so when other sources of emolument and enjoyment be denied us, our energies are directed to one with tenfold earnestness. Obstacles will oppose the progress of knowledge; but, instead of discouraging, they nerve the spirit to greater diligence; it matters not how great they may be, for an ardent aspiring mind; they call for perseverance, for intenser application, and these become that discipline which will tune it for knowledge, as the harp is tuned to receive the rising breeze.

What is common is lightly estimated; advantages within our grasp, or which seem ours by right, are too often perverted and misimproved, but when effort must be used to attain them, far greater is the value with which they are appreciated; they bring with them a responsibility that such privileges must not pass unimproved; and if attainments are to be made, the time will admit no delay, no procrastination; and such a consciousness as this will kindle life, and energy, and action. The price of labor in the moral, as well as the physical world, is never given to indolence; and though the vast spires of science and wisdom lay out in rich profusion, unwearied perseverance will alone render them ours.

That mind will arrive to maturity, vitiated by no excesses, debased by no indulged appetites, which are too frequently, though not necessarily the concomitants of wealth, and which arise from the unlimited gratification of those social feelings and love of pleasure, that are innate in our constitution: but that person will arrive to maturity, with an understanding invigorated, passions subdued, and an intellect "mating with the pure essences of heaven."

There is something like majesty in a mind overcoming the obstacles of circumstances and situation in search of truth, and wisdom, and knowledge; they are bright examples of human capacity, worthy of admiration and worthy of imitation.—*M.*

HELEN C. CROSS.

## IMPORTANCE OF SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

The desire of forming friendships is universal. By the acquisition of friends, the social feelings are excited, the study of human nature is assisted, and self-interest is promoted. It is not wonderful, since such advantages follow, that men seek an acquaintance with each other. But it is wonderful, since similar advantages would follow, that men do not seek an acquaintance with themselves.

He can not be unsocial, who is intimate with his own spirit. He sees in it a likeness of every intelligent being, and acknowledges the relationship. As he marks, in his own bosom, the noble qualities of human nature, and believes that all possess them like himself, he respects his fellows; and as he feels that much of weakness and wickedness pertains to him, he regards without censoriousness, the follies of those who, like him, are weak and wicked. Profound self-knowledge thus destroys the haughtiness which prevents the learned from associating with the ignorant, and silences the exclamation of the self-righteous: "Stand by, for I am holier than thou."

He will best understand human nature, who best understands himself. Knowing that the laws of mind are as definite as the laws of matter, he sees in the mirror of his own soul, the motives and designs, the hopes and fears, the passion and intellection of others. One can obtain no better treatise on Mental Philosophy, than his own mind.

Again: Self-knowledge is a faithful source of profit. It is the first step necessary to mental cultivation. He that knows himself, need not fear that imagination will break loose and transport him to forbidden scenes, for he can check its flight: that reason, obscured by its own deductions, will lead him astray; for he can apply the remedy that his power of abstraction and memory will fail, for at the first indications of decay, he can take measures for their restoration and improvement. He is freed from uncertainty respecting his capacity for mental action, and from the sorrow and shame of failure in his undertakings. He will most certainly succeed in attaining the object of his exertions, whether it is wealth, or honor, or knowledge, or the reward of righteousness. The possessor of a spirit of purity and worth, will also derive pleasure from an acquaintance with it; but the wicked must be ignorant of self; they can not endure an intimacy with their guilty and polluted soul. Nothing more is necessary to a total ignorance of self, than to neglect to make self the object of scrutiny. One may as easily become as ignorant of the motives which influence his conduct, as a steam engine is of the power by which it is moved. But to know self is a harder task. It requires constant observation. It demands self-possession, that in new and unexpected situations, outward circumstances may not prevent a view of the mental operations. But though the toil is great, the reward is greater. Self-knowledge enables us to be above the common rank of mankind; to enjoy pleasures unknown to them, and to escape the anxiety and trouble which they experience. It renders us more kind and sympathetic towards our fellow-men, and more dutiful towards our Creator.—*Parthenon.*

## MISCELLANY.

It is but rarely that serpents will attack man without being highly provoked, and we may observe, that their poison is more subtle and active in proportion to the heat of the climate which they inhabit. The hot and humid steppes and savannahs of Asia and America, and the burning sky of the African deserts, seem by far the best suited to the multiplication and development of these reptiles. Only 15 or 16 of the species inhabit Europe, while Russel has described 43 merely for the coasts of Bengal and Coromandel.

Rhyme is a modern discovery; it is the image of hope and memory. One sound makes us desire another corresponding to it, and when the second is heard, it recalls that which has just escaped us.

Plato, in his dialogue on Temperance, put this assertion in the mouth of Socrates: "We should not consider by whom such a thing was said, but whether it be true and reasonable in itself." The Arabians make use of a proverb, "Examine what is said, not him who speaks."

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Hope sets off at a hard gallop, Consideration soon contents herself with a more moderate pace, and Doubt is reduced at last to a slow trot.

The humble current of little kindness, which though but a creeping streamlet, incessantly flows; although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls, and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world; pours, in the end, a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and felicity, than any transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

INCREASED AND ADDITIONAL LITERARY PREMIUMS.—With a view to encourage the efforts of native genius, the following premiums will be given to the writers of the best articles for the various departments of the *Literary Inquirer*, which shall be contributed on or before the last day of October next. A Gold Medal, or Fifty Dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, suitable for publication in this paper; a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem on any interesting and appropriate subject; a Silver Medal, or Fifteen Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent character; and a Silver Medal, or Ten Dollars, to the writer of the best Essay on some subject connected with literature or science. On the medals, should the successful competitors prefer them to their respective value in cash, will be engraven suitable inscriptions.

A letter, containing the title of the article and the name and residence of the writer, should be enclosed, or sent separately, marked on the outside—"Name only." All communications to be addressed to the Editor of the *Literary Inquirer*, 214, Main-street, Buffalo.

\* \* Should our journal meet with sufficient encouragement, we propose, in the early part of next year, to offer such liberal premiums for original compositions—both literary and scientific, as will not fail to secure the assistance and co-operation of the most eminent writers in the country. April 9, 1833.

¶ Editors with whom we exchange, or who are desirous of an exchange, will confer a favor by giving the above a few insertions.

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